DUDLEY'S LESSON.

Milly Barrington was only eighteen when she came to live at Holly Lodge. Very young to be married, said the gossips of the neighborhood, still younger to assume all the cares and responsibilities of a household. And there were not lacking doleful prophets who declared with eyes rolled up and mouth drawn down, that Mrs. Barrington would never "get on" at all with the old gentleman.

"He is so fastidious," said one.

"So difficult to suit," said another.

"His ideal is so impossibly high," said a third.

But to their surprise—perhaps a little to their disappointment—Milly and her father-in-law were the best of friends from the very first moment they looked upon each other's face.

Milly was anxious to learn, so eager to comprehend the ins and outs of the great, roomy old house, so ambitious to excel every housekeeper in the neighborhood, that the old gentleman said, with a smile, to his son:

"Don't let your little wife undertake too much, Dudley."

And Dudley Barrington answered, with a yawn:

"There's no danger of that, sir. The ladies of Holly Grange have always been first-rate housekeepers, you know, and if a woman is at work, she isn't either spending money foolishly or gossiping."

Mr. Barrington's keen blue eyes regarded his son sharply for a moment.

"Do you think Milly is addicted to either of these pernicious practices?" he asked.

"They come natural to all women, don't they?" asked Dudley, shrugging his shoulders.

"Not at all," said his father.

And in his secret soul he wondered if Dudley was really worthy of such a jewel as Millicent.

So the weeks went on, and Milly stood bravely to her helm, until one bright October day the old gentleman, chancing to pass the low kitchen window where the vines made a screen of moving shadow, looked smilingly in where his daughter-in-law was at work.

"Haven't you got a glass of cool milk for me, little girl?" said he.

"See, papa," said she, triumphantly, pointing to the table, "what a baking I have done to-day! Three apple pies, three loaves of bread, a pan of biscuits, and a dozen plum tarts."

"But what has become of the cook?" asked Mr. Barrington. "We can't have you working as hard as this without help."

"Hannah wanted her wages raised," said Milly, rather soberly, "and Dudley said it was all nonsense keeping a girl when I was so fond of housework. So she has gone."

"But are you fond of housework?" he asked. "In itself, as an abstract thing, I mean?"

"Yes, papa," Milly answered with some hesitation. "But I'm a little tired this morning. I rose early and swept the house through before breakfast, so I would have time for the baking."

"You are a good little girl," said the father-in-law, "but we must not let you work too hard."

"Papa," said Milly, with downcast eyes and a deep pink shadow creeping over her cheek, "I've been thinking for some time that—that——"

"Well?" said Mr. Barrington, encouragingly.

"That I should like to ask you for a little money," faltered Milly.

"Money!" he echoed in surprise, "does Dudley not give you all you want?"

Once more Milly hesitated.

"He wants to know what everything is for," she said. "He thinks twenty-five cents a yard too much for ribbon, and he declares it's all nonsense to buy kid gloves when cotton ones will do as well. And I do need another hat since the rain spoiled my best one, but I don't like to ask him for it."

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Barrington, leaning his elbows on the sill, "that you don't have a regular allowance every week?"

"No, papa," said Milly, lifting her pretty arched brows. "Dudley says women don't know how to use money, and that a wife should always receive every penny she spends from her husband. And I can tell you, papa, because you are so kind to me—I am so ashamed to have him think me extravagant, and I really need so many little things that men haven't any idea of. It's a little hard sometimes."

"Here, little girl, you have earned the contents of that a dozen times over."

Milly reached up to kiss him through the vine leaves.

"Oh, papa, you are such a darling," she said.

He only patted her cheek in reply.

"Dudley doesn't know what a treasure he has got," he pondered, as he kept on his walk up to the front veranda, where a great chestnut tree was showering its blooms over the steps and the balmy sunshine slept on the painted floor. "He is making a Circassian slave of that dear little woman."

And he took his book and stretched himself comfortably out in the hammock for his evening's reveries.

It was the next day that his son came to him in the library, where a little fire of logs had been kindled, for a chill northeast rain had blown all the yellow maple leaves away and the sunshine was obscured by driving clouds.

"Well, my boy," said his father, kindly, "you are off to the city, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Barrington, Jr., a tall, straight, handsome young man, with a brown complexion and sparkling eyes. "And before I go perhaps you had better give me a check, if it's convenient."

"A check?" said his father. "For what?"

"I'm out of ready cash," said Dudley, carelessly, "and a little spending money would come very handy for current expenses."

"Ah! And what are you going to buy?"

"I need a new suit, sir," said he, and——"

"Yes—yes," nodded the old gentleman. "And how much do you pay for a suit, now?"

"Oh, $25 or $30," answered Dudley.

"Twenty-five or thirty dollars!" echoed Mr. Barrington. "Isn't that rather vague?"

"A fellow never knows exactly," explained Dudley.

"Ah, but you ought to know!" interrupted the old gentleman. "And now I am on the subject, you buy your clothes of Poole, don't you? Aren't there cheaper places?"

Dudley ignored the question and said:

"I've a little bill at the cigar shop to settle, and there are some new books I should like to read."

"Just send the bills to me," said the old gentleman; "I'll pay them."

"The bootmaker, sir——"

"You must try not to be too extravagant with your boots. Young men have so many fictitious wants nowadays. But, as I have said before, let all the bills be sent to me. And as for spending money, here is enough for the present."

He drew out a five dollar bill and handed it to his son. Dudley stared at it in amazement.

"I expected a check, sir," said he, somewhat discomfited.

"Did you?"

"It isn't agreeable to be put on such an allowance," went on Dudley, sharply. "I am not accustomed to it."

"Not agreeable, eh?" said his father, comfortably adjusting his feet on an embroidered rest. "Then why do you practice the system with your wife?"

"I give her all that she needs to spend," said Dudley, coloring up.

"And I have given you all that you need."

"I am a man!" said Dudley.

"And she is a woman!" retorted his father.

"I am the manager of your warehouse, and I claim my honest remuneration as such," cried Dudley. "I am no beggar. There is not a penny that I ask for that I do not earn."

"That is Millicent's case exactly," said the wise old advocate. "She does the work of the house and does it well. She is an economist in every sense of the word. Is it right that she should receive merely her board and clothes? Is she not entitled to a regular allowance to spend as she pleases? Do not think me a meddlesome old fogy, my son," he added, rising and placing his hand kindly on his son's shoulder. "But I have been observing all these things, and I merely wanted to give you a personal application of this lesson of economy. You see how it humiliates one to have to beg humbly for the money that one has honestly earned—to be called upon for an account of every penny one wishes to spend. Don't put your wife into such a false position as this. Treat her as one of the firm of Barrington & Co."

Dudly stood still a moment, pondering, and then he said, earnestly:

"I will sir; you are right!"

* * * * * *

And Milly was delighted that very day to receive a check for an ample sum of money from her husband.

"Is it all for me?" she cried with glittering eyes.

"Yes, all," Dudley answered laughing.

"But what am I to do with all this money?"

"Lock it up in your desk, dear," he answered, "and spend it for your needs as they occur."

"But I never had so much money before at one time!" exclaimed the amazed Milly.

"No, you never had, more shame to me," acknowledged Dudley. "But I have come to the conclusion, Milly, that you are no child to be given a few shillings at a time. You are my housekeeper, and deserve your regular salary. I shall give you $25 for your own personal expenses at the beginning of the month, and you shall use it and economize it as you see fit. The household expenses, of course, will be paid out of the common stock."

"Oh, Dudley, I never felt so rich in all my life," said she. "Now I can dress like other women and give a little money to the church and help the poor and feel independent. And I can lay by a little, too, Dudley, every month! Oh, you shall see what an excellent manager I can be."

Dudley Barrington looked at his wife with a sharp prick of conscience at his heart. Why had he never made her so innocently happy before? Simply because it had never occurred to him.

And Milly ran eagerly to her father-in-law.

"Papa," she cried, "I am to have $25 a month all for my own self, and never to give account for a penny of it unless I please! It is Dudley's own offer. Isn't he kind?"

And Mr. Barrington smiled and patted her head, with a touch of sarcasm, "Very kind, indeed."—The Designer.

From Mrs. Vaughn to Mrs. Pinkham.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 64,587]

"DEAR FRIEND—Two years ago I had child-bed fever and womb trouble in its worse form. For eight months after birth of babe I was not able to sit up. Doctors treated me, but with no help. I had bearing-down pains, burning in stomach, kidney and bladder trouble and my back was so stiff and sore, the right ovary was badly affected and everything I ate distressed me, and there was a bad discharge.

I was confined to my bed when I wrote to you for advice and followed your directions faithfully, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills and using the Wash, and am now able to do the most of my housework. I believe I should have died if it had not been for your Compound. I hope this letter may be the result of benefitting some other suffering woman. I recommend your Compound to every one."—MRS. MARY VAUGHN, TRIMBLE, PULASKI CO., KY.

Many of these sick women whose letters we print were utterly discouraged and life was a burden to them when they wrote to Lynn, Mass., to Mrs. Pinkham, and without charge of any kind received advice that made them strong, useful women again.

HOW THEY LEARNED TO BOWL.

The First Endeavors of the New Girls' Club.

Brooklyn Eagle: The girls in the neighborhood have decided to organize a bowling club, so Charley and several other obedient satellites hire a private alley and bid the girls sail in—which they did.

"Bur-r-r-r, isn't it cold in this big room? I wish there was a stove."

Voice of pin boy in the pin pit at the other end of the alley—"There'll be a hot time here this afternoon, Jimsey."

Second Voice—"That's what, Krullers.

"I don't know the first thing about bowling; do you, Emma?"

"Oh, I do not."

"Why, you said that you and Charley bowled up in the country last summer."

"Oh, yes, I know, but I don't remember a thing. I guess I just sat and looked on, anyway. Let me see, what does one say? Oh, yes—I know—you say, 'set 'em up' and 'hard luck' and then you roll."

Voice from the pin pit—"They're learnin' fast, Krullers.

Second voice—"That's right, Jimsey; they'll know es muches a guvment investigatin' committee in erbout en nour.

"Girls, we just got to begin. Will you roll first, May, or shall I? (Argument similar to that which takes place in a crowded car when there is one seat vacant and two women standing.)

"Well, if you girls are going to stand there all day I'm going to bowl myself. It's getting late and I've got an engagement for this evening. O-o-o, what a heavy ball! Why, the—the—what we hit, I mean—aren't there. Speak to the boy, Clara. Boy! Boy! You, I mean. The—the—oh, I know now; set 'em up."

"Now, I'm going to bowl. I wonder whether I ought to run with the ball or not?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I'll ask Charley."

"There! It's gone anyway." (Ball wobbles sideways into the gutter.)

Voice from the pin pit—Talk erbout yer Spanish shooters. Dey ain't in it with this push, Krullers.

"Oh, May, we must keep score."

"Must we? Where?"

"On the board. See?"

"Oh, yes, but I've got another ball. You always roll two. I read that."

"Well, I'll keep score and you bowl. I don't care anything about the old game, anyway."

"That's good of you, Bessie. But if I make a strike you must be sure to mark it down."

"Of course, but what's a strike?"

"Why, don't you know? A strike is—why, a strike is when they've struck. I thought everyone knew that."

"Well, for pity's sake, go on and roll. Our girl's out and I've got to get home in time to make supper."

Voice in the pin pit—This is a cinch, Krullers:

Second voice—That's what. Jimsey. Gosh! It's a strike!

"Oh, girls, look—I—why, I knocked them all down. Isn't that splen—oh, gracious; I don't know whether it's nice or not; I'll ask Charley. Now it's your turn, Mabel. Try."

"Mine? Oh, dear, I can't. I know I can't."

"Yes, you can, Mabel. Try."

"I feel just like I used to on the tennis courts. The net would get in the way of my ball. But I suppose if I must, I must."

"Oh, girls, see what I have found. A book of rules under this seat. Now we can learn all about it."

Voice in the pin pit—They've got those easy lessons on how to score, Jimsey, an' we may ez well quit work.

Second voice—That's what, Krullers; they'll hev to dig deir way out.

"Look, girls, here it is. 'How to Score.' Now, let's see. 'This table consists of a frame, which is subdivided into'—um—um: why, that blackboard must be it; of course; see, it's got a frame all around it. Sit closer and we'll read it together."

The story of the man in the quicksand—any temperance reader has it—will best explain what follows:

"I don't think I quite understand. It says here that—who's that at that door? Why, girls, it's Charley."

"Oh, Charley, you can tell us. What's a strike?"

"And what sort of a frame does a spare come in?"

"And when do we——"

"And how do we——"

"And why do we——"

"And say, can we——"

"And, Charley, please——"

"Look, Char——"

(Charley goes down and is counted out.)

Ten minutes later (voice in the pit)—Wake up, Krullers, de whole push has gone.

TAKES A HIGH PLACE.

Stands Well in the Estimation of the People.

Attention Is Naturally Excited When Anything Is Praised by People Whom We Know.

A thing that stands high in the estimation of the public, and which is especially recommended by Wheeling people, naturally excites our attention more than if our own people did not praise the article. Such a thing is going on right here in Wheeling every day, people are praising Morrow's Kid-ne-oids because they cure. There is no humbug, no deception, they do positively cure, and we furnish the evidence.

We refer you to Mr. John McCugh, No. 2416 Main street. He says: "I suffered for a long time with disordered kidneys and was never able to get any medicine that would cure me. The pain across the small of my back would be so bad at times that I could hardly attend to my work. I seemed to be generally run down, feeling more tired in the morning when I would get up than when I went to bed at night. Some of my friends recommended me to try Morrow's Kid-ne-oids, and as they were guaranteed to cure or the money refunded, by Chas. R. Goetze, I secured some from him and after I had taken them for a few days, as the direction said, I was relieved of the pain across my back, and my general health was restored."

If you have any form of kidney trouble or nervous ailment arising from this disease, check it at once with Morrow's Kid-ne-oids. Do not wait until it is too late and then blame yourself for not listening to reason and facts.

Morrow's Kid-ne-oids are not pills, but Yellow Tablets, which is the most scientific form of preparing medicine. They are put up in wooden boxes which contain enough for about two weeks' treatment and sell for fifty cents at Chas. R. Goetze's Drug Store.

Descriptive booklet mailed upon request by John Morrow & Co., Chemists, Springfield, Ohio.